

GEE AITCH 43

No. 21. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Friday, May 30, 1919

Locals Lose to Camp Hill

Tomorrow is Day of Big Meet Here at Home

THE JINX AGAIN DESCENDS.

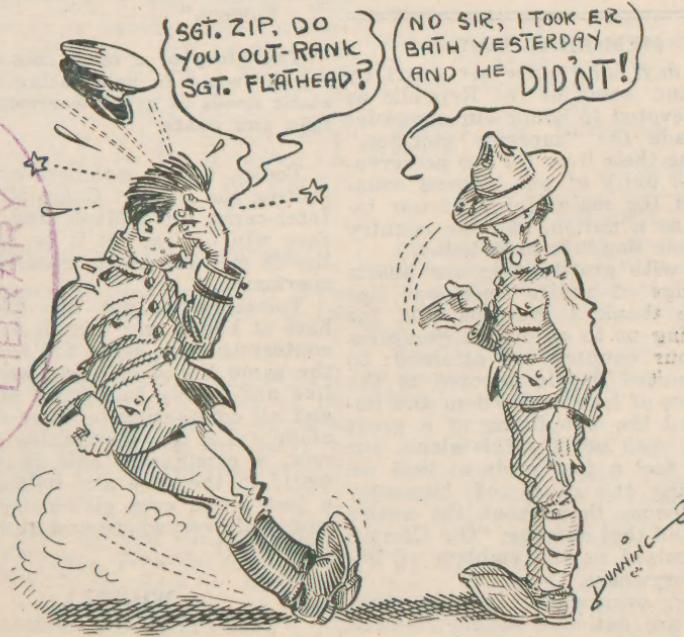
Our local baseballers having an off day allowed the Camp Hillers to march over them two to nothing. Midst ragging of the umpire and hooting by the crowd we were simply a little bit outplayed. The Hillers started off with a rush, filling the bases by means of a walk, a hit and an error and then Stauffer struck out two and the other flied out. When hits meant runs they managed to crack it out. The scores coming in,

one on a hit and the other on a long fly which was beat home.

The feature of the game was a shoestring catch by Curtis, who plowed up considerable sod in doing the trick, but he kept hold of the pill and bowed his thanks to the crowd. Weiss of the Hillers, pitched a wonderful game, allowing but two hits. Stauffer did not pitch his usual game, getting in a number of holes, but pulling out of them in great shape. Three

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GEE AITCH 43

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Officer of the Day—Lt. Phillips

Friday, May 30, 1919.

MEMORIAL DAY.

This day, long since set apart by the Grand Army of the Republic as a day devoted to honor our comrades who made the "supreme sacrifice," by giving their lives for the preservation and unity of our beloved country, and the maintaining of our integrity as a nation, as "one country under one flag," is here today.

It is with gratitude in our hearts and songs of praise upon our lips that we thank a gracious God for permitting us to enjoy the greatness which our country has attained; to see a united people devoted to the principles of human freedom and liberty, and the upbuilding of a great nation. And not for this alone, but we can feel a just pride in that we are aiding the cause of humanity and freedom throughout the entire world, and that our flag, "Old Glory," is recognized as the emblem of liberty everywhere.

Today, everywhere in this great nation, are gathered school children and their elders fittingly decorating the graves of those who died for humanity, democracy, and unity, in the

years past. While this is being done, let us not forget to call to memory who are sleeping—many in unknown graves—in the fair and sunny fields of France and other foreign fields where they gave their lives for the cause of human freedom in this greatest of all, the world war in which they carried the Stars and Stripes with the flags of our Allies to a glorious victory. Yes, on this day let us:

"Think of the thousands who sleep far away,
Who sleep where their friends can-
not find them today,
They who on mountain, and hillside,
and dell,
Rest where they wearied and and lie
where they fell.
So in our minds we will name them,
once more,
So in our hearts we will cover them
o'er,
Think of those far away heroes of
ours—
And cover them over with beautiful
flowers."

* * *

The glory of a man, city or coun-
try is found in celebrating the pat-
riotic deeds of great warriors, states-
men and poets.

* * *

Today, a few members are repre-
senting the Post at Camp Hill in the
Inter-camp Field Meet, and whether
they win or lose let it be said, that
the 43 men are clean, game and true
sportsmen.

Tomorrow is our big Field Day here at home, and though we will be contesting each other for honors, let the same brand of clean sportsman-like and manly tactics be employed, and all conquering be done on merit alone. Let 43 always be, as it is now, a community able to look the world in the face and hold in itself a just pride, ever giving everyone a just deal everywhere and at all times. Heads up!

* * *

WHERE!

That College boy must
Be a prude,
Who doesn't now and
Then get stewed!

IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN PRINTED.

That letter that appeared in yesterday's issue addressed to the Editor and signed by Sgt. Berg. We offer the Sergeant our sincere apologies and endeavor to explain, trusting that he will accept both. The original letter got mixed in the shuffle somehow during the busy editorial hours, and by mistake was placed in the envelope with the copy that went to the printer. Here's where the butter-finger work came in. The printer should have had better sense than to have ever set up and print a letter of such nature, and if the sergeant had said so, we would start proceedings against them at once.

Right here, readers, we were interrupted and it was made known to us that Sgt. Berg never wrote that letter, and that some unprincipled agencies are at work in an effort to blacken the stainless character of this young man. If this is true, we apologize again to the sergeant, and this leaves us another case for further proceedings. We promise the sergeant we will do all in our power to catch the crook, and the editor on his own wants to state that Sgt. Berg is not anxious to have himself written up, in fact, he has entreated the editor to leave his name out many a time. Sgt., can we say more?

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Someone inquires as to why there are so many "crepe-hangers" in the band, at present.

Moneehan is not bothered evidently about "keeping 'em down on the farm" but is a firm believer and doer of the "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

NOTICE: If you have any books of Jessie James, Nick Carter or Dead Eye Dick, hand them in to "Pioneer" of the Canteen, as he enjoys reading them during working hours.

Contributions are coming in slow, but sure, for a quantity of Hair

Tonic to start that crop Walter C. Koch is growing.

Sgt. Taylor is back from a furlough to the Rubber City (Akron) where he was one of the chief mourners at the funeral of his dear old pal, John Barleycorn. Too bad Ohio had to go dry before July, ain't it, Sarge?

"Gilligan, if you don't believe I am Chief Clerk, ask Lt. Otis." Casual remark passed in heat during a very intelligent argument between the civilian personnel and Q. M. Sgt. Gilligan. Are you now convinced, CueEmmer?

Navarro, Brady, Knigge and Allan, you will never get out of the Army by "Gold Bricking."

To the girl with the "Purple Sweater": You look so sweet this morning all dressed up in white 'n everything.

Haywood and Ralph Leighton have discovered a new book and added it to their collection, entitled, "Powder Nose Anne."

What's the attraction over at Ward 6, Eva?

—Contributed.

ODS and ENZ.

An Irishman went into a Broadway music shop the other day.

"I wanta record by Al.," he said.
"Al.?" inquired the puzzled clerk.
"Al. who?"

The Irishman thought a moment.
"I know," he exclaimed. "Al. McGluck."

BACK FROM PASS.

Pvts. 1st c. Carroll Babcock and Herbert R. Roberts have returned to duty from pass sojourns.

ON PASS.

Cpl. Hudson Barrows and Pvts. 1st c. J. J. Schofield, and G. S. Archer have left on visits homeward.

J. Pellitier, a recently enlisted man, has left to enjoy the usual thirty day furlough before starting out on his new duties.

LOCALS LOSE TO CAMP HILL

(Continued from page 1.)

of our old regulars were out of the game but their places were well filled. Our trouble being lack of hitting. Stauffer and Otis being the only ones who connected safely.

A little excitement was caused by the appearance of an alien Shavetail who tried to put "Sully", umpire, out of the game for an alleged erroneous decision. Lieutenants Otis and Fitzgerald joined hands with Sully and put to route the intruder who midst mutterings, retired to the bench and angrily dug holes in the field with his new spurs.

Score by innings:

Gee Aitches	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	— 0
Hillers	0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 x	— 2

	Ab	H.	O.	A.	E.
Kingsley, 3b.	3	0	2	1	0
Curtis, lf.	3	0	3	0	0
Ziegler, ss.	4	0	0	0	1
Otis, 2b.	4	1	1	3	0
McCarthy, c.	4	0	6	1	0
McGarr, 1b.	3	0	10	0	0
Stepp, rf.	3	0	0	0	0
Dempster, cf.	3	0	2	0	0
Stauffer, p.	3	1	0	4	3
	—	30	2	24	9 4

	Ab	H.	O.	A.	E.
Horn, 2b.	2	1	3	3	0
Bergenson, rf.	3	0	0	0	0
Hurley, 1b.	4	0	10	0	0
Munson, ss.	4	0	1	2	2
Weiss, p.	4	1	0	1	0
Leeper, cf.	4	1	3	0	0
Spooner, 3b.	3	0	0	2	0
McDonald, lf.	4	1	0	0	0
Conor, c.	4	2	10	1	0
	—	32	6	27	9 2

Runs scored, Horn, Munson. First on errors, Post 2, Hill 2. Left on bases, Post 6; Hill, 11. Struck out by Stauffer, 5; Weiss, 10. Base on balls by Stauffer, 5; Weiss, 2. Sacrifice hits, Ziegler, Hurley, Munson. Hit by pitched ball, McGarr. Wild throws, Stauffer. Passed ball, McCarthy. Time of game: 2 hours 10 minutes. Umpires, Unknown and Corp. Sullivan.

SULLIVAN MAKES HIT.

The War Camp Community Service entertained Wednesday evening at Newport News, in their club rooms. Players from the Frank Newman Company, a stock show billed at the Strand this week, appeared on the program. Little Miss Carroll Taylor of Camp Stuart, who appeared a few weeks ago on our local stage, appeared on the program and made a hit. Cpl. Sullivan, our own "Sully Old Potato" was on the program and made a real big hit with the audience. He usually does, you know. Sgt. Jack Bowen also appeared.

"THISTLE" REPLACED BY LARGER YACHT.

The Red Cross disposed of their yacht "Thistle" and in its stead have recently acquired the use of a very much larger boat. The name of this boat is a tongue and memory twister, so we'll have to announce that later, but we can announce that this new float, which accommodates couple score of passengers, makes a couple of trips each afternoon in the Roads for the benefit of Post dwellers. This is one of the finest facilities possessed by the local Red Cross, as it offers splendid recreation for those who are afforded leisure moments.

IN THE NURSE'S CORNER.

(By Volunteer Correspondent.)
Miss Kistner is quite dangerously ill in Hospital.

—o—
Someone ask Miss Mary "Murphy" what happened to her lip? It needed an ice pack all day Wednesday.

—o—
Wonder why Ward 11 seemed so lonely one night a short time ago?

—o—
We understand Miss Stevens is quite a "mother."

—o—
Wonder where "Mac" and Dorothy spend so much of their time?

Why does Sgt. Gray enjoy making A. M. rounds? It must be the atmosphere.